REAL LUCK IN LOVE

CONFESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"I haven't any luck!" cried Kitty, fling- and hearts, slaving for big, brutal chaps,

"I don't see it," she remarked, petulantly, disposing her ruffled skirts to the best advantage above her red kid ties. comfortably on the turf at her feet, "you

are looking right at-me! Kitty smiled and shrugged her should-

'Luck in love, Mr. Curtis," she declared, sweetly, "consists in getting somebody you want."

"Not at all," I objected, serenely lighting my pipe. "It's just the other way,"

"Getting somebody who wants you,"

explained briefly.

"But"-Kitty sat up and gazed at me in astonishment-"anybody can do that!"

she exclaimed, scornfully, "Anybody can become President," I re-

is that they spend their youth waiting until all the nice men have passed by"-I looked at Kitty accusingly-"in the hope that some impossible Prince Charming will come along and crown them queen of his heart. But the sad part of it is that the Prince Charmings want all the crowns and halos for themselves, and, when they marry, they are not looking for a queen, but for somebody to sit at the foot of the throne and sing paens of praise and serve up the royal dishes and lace the royal shoes. Many a woman has merried her ideal only to discover that she had tied herself to an egotist, with the theories of a Turk, instead of taking a comfortable everyday man-"Who ate with his knife," broke in Kit-

ty, scathingly, 'And would wait on her like a slave,"

"And didn't know a Van Dyke from a

"And would pay for her tailored frocks

"And used two negatives and a tooth-'And would walk the baby at nights

"And would walk the baby at nights and get up on winter mornings to turn on the steam heat, and—"
"Oh, well," interrupted Kitty, defiantly, "men are just as reasonable. The average man always imagines he wants some woman who doesn't want him. He will pass by all the nice, cozy, suitable little girls who would give their eyes for the privilege of adviring him and doing his the privilege of adoring him and doing his errands, and mending his socks and mak-ing lite a downy couch for him, and will spend years in pursuing some clusive creature, whose very distance and indif-ference constitute her enchantment, and who, even if he succeeds in winning he merely takes him as a last resort or convenience, and keeps him busy working for her, and waiting on her and feeling object of charity for the rest But," she added, hastily, don't blame them. I can't think of any thing worse than being married to some

dcesn't love you," I suggested, laconica nose three times a day at meals; but it' m appailing to spend all your evening the company of somebody who does rticularly interest you and whose mo rilliant remark is that the weather shocking to sacrifice your girlhood dream and accepts your devotion as indifferent ockage from his tailor

Kitty put out one red kid toe and push the hammock, vigorously.

You talk," she exclaimed, indignantly

"just as if love couldn't be mutual."
"Love," I returned gravely, blowing wreath of smoke in the air, "is a per octly balanced scale. When one side sees down the other tips up in proportion The more weight there is on one side the lighter the weight seems on the other and in all history the scales were never known to balance equally. You've mere by got to choose which side you'll weight on on, when it comes to matrimonywhether you prefer giving or taking—'
"And giving," cried Kitty, triumphantly, "Is the greatest joy of love."

"Yes," I agreed, shortly, "in poetry and during the honeymoon. But when i comes down to deciding who is going nik off the dumb waiter on cold morn ngs, and whether the family savings a going to be spent for a spring bonnet a patent fishing rod, and whether yo shall take a trip to Europe, or buy a new billiard table, and who shall have the morning paper first, and get the mos and the place nearest the radiator, it'sit's quite different. Self-sacrifice is per-fectly beautiful in novels and the abstract, but as an everyday diet it's rather

unsatisfactory, you see."
"No, I don't see," retorted Kitty, promptly. "Why can't two people who marry for love divide the sacrifices and the money and the pleasure equally "Because we aren't built that way, I suppose," I returned sadly. "Matrimony is a bargain, and somebody has got to get the bargain. The other must take the leavings and be satisfied."

"And, after all," sighed Kitty, thoughtfully, "it is an equal division if one gets his ideals and the other gets all the comfort and satisfaction out of the affair."
"Yes," I agreed, "one has his dreams, even if they turn out to be nightmares and the other has the best of everything on the table. It just depends on what you consider Tuck."

"But," protested Kitty, "If everybody took your advice and went about searching for somebody to adore him o

'Oh," I broke in, cheerfully, "that will never happen. There will always be plen-ty of fools in the world who will cling to the belief that happiness consists in mak-ing a martyr of oneself. Look at the poor little women wearing out their hands

to wear-for other men. It's the folly of antly, disposing her ruffled skirts to the the idealist that gives the common-sense est advantage above her red kid tles.
"And yet," I sighed, settling myself it's the folly of the lambs in Wall street that gives the bulls and bears a chance to make their millions. And there are always more lambs than there are bulls

> sighed Kitty, "but I wish you hadn't told me. You've taken all the glamour off and rubbed off all the glit and closed up all the gateways to happiness

"What:" I sat up in astonishment.
"Well," said Kitty, pouting, "if you can't be happy without the person you love and can't be happy with him—"
"Be happy with the person who loves

Be happy with the person who loves you!" I interrupted, promptly.
"I can't!" sighed Kitty again, gazing pensively at the horizon.
"Tve given you plenty of chances," I said, reproachfully.
Kitty sat up so suddenly that the hammock squeaked in protest.
"Do you think," she cried, vehemently, "that I'd spend my days sitting at the foot of a throne?"

ADVERTISE YOUR

Wants

In the BUGLE

Don't Want Anything

Brings Results

THE . BINGVILLE . BUGLE !!

ls the Leading Paper of the County

BRIGHT, BREEZY, BELLICOSE, BUSTLING

itorial on this subjeckt in the hope that

ried it from his neighbor. This is not asking much for our army of subscribers

while without any effort on our part, as

If any one of our subscribers come to

us and asked us to do a small favor for

them like this we would gladly do it and we nacherly would expect them to do as much for us. Let us be neighborly and help one another. The most impor-tant part of this scheme is that each new

subscriber shall pay in advance—unless

they do this they are worthless to us

perhaps it will do some good.

ty, sweetly, "and they would all wear out their hearts and hands polishing your halo and lacing your shoes-and-" "I don't want anybody to lace my shoes," I objected. "I want--"

"You're passing all the nice girls by,"
persisted Kitty, sadly,
"Not all," I protested, hopefully,
"And you'll miss your luck in love."
"What!"
"Pursuing an ideal."

I dropped my pipe.

"Oh, well," I said, after I had recovered the meerschaum and my composure,
"It's different in my—in our case."

"It's always different in 'our' case,"
sighed Kitty. "But," she added, "if your

Ing the cards on the plazza table and leading the way to the hammock.

"Not at cards," I suggested, consoling-ly; "but in love—"

"I don't see it," she remarked, petu-like the cards and hats for their wives with the cards and cards, and cards

"Why not?" I demanded. "Because," explained Kitty, rising and shaking out her ruffles, "she'll marry her

snaking out her rumes, "sne il marry her own ideal."

"Kitty!" I cried, "give me a chance—"
"Yes," retorted Kitty, sweetly, "I'm go-ing to give you a chance—to marry some-body who adores you."

"And who will mend your socks, and un your errands, and give you the seat learest the radiator—and bore you to

"Kitty! Kitty!"
"And I wish you luck," finished Kitty, holding out her hand, "in love!"

FAKED CORONATION SCENE.

INNKEEPING AN OLD BUSINESS

Bible Refers to Ancient Vocation of Hotel Man.

Transfermation from Rude Places of Shelter to Modern Palaces Largely Due to Lelands.

silent respecting the ancient and honornor slave to pay for her hats, nor wait able vocation of the hotel man. Accord-on her, nor be an object of charity, ing to the accepted chronology it is between 3,000 and 4,000 years since Joseph's brethren found Pharaoh's money in their corn sacks when they stopped in an inn, and the lime of the sacks were engaged. The hotel beautiful the sacks were engaged. The hotel beautiful to the sacks were engaged. on their way to Canaan at the time of the seven years' famine in the Holy Land. If we turn to the New Testament, what story is more touching than that of Jesus' birth in the inn's stable—as there was no room for the Virgin Mother in the inn? "No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled, guests rudely went and came where slept the royal child." We read of the traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho, assaulted by thieves and left half dead on the wayside, whom the

amgille Bug,

INERGIA FATUM PARIT

contract of carrying the mail from Chester, Vt., to Boston, Mass., also to Troy, N. Y. In 1838 his son, William Wallace Leland, a lad of sixteen years old, seeing an excellent opportunity of escaping from an excellent opportunity to the monotonous life of the country, took advantage of the mail coach to go to Troy, and thence by boat to New York Troy, and thence by boat to New York City, where he joined a young friend, whose father, Col. Mudge, kept the Astor House, where he obtained a position.

Five years later (1843) he and his brother Simeon took the Clinton Hotel, Reckman and Navanu streets.

Beekman and Nassau streets. In 1852 their brothers, Charles and Warren, joined them in opening the Metropolitan The Bible, which has something to say of nearly every calling in life, is not silent respecting the ancient and honorwere frescoed by foreign artists, elaborate draperies, rosewood furniture, and every came the center of all the fashionable en-tertainments. The banquet hall was of magnificent proportions, and prominer people from all over the country, as well as foreigners, made it their home when in New York. When the Japanese first came to New York they were entertained there with a ball.
In 1884 Maj. William W. Leland, after

having served on Gen. Grant's staff as chief of commissary, bought the Union half dead on the wayside, whom the good Samaritan carried to an inn and said to the host: "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Of our American hotel man it can be said that he often combines the qualities of the host and the good Samaritan.

The chain of hotels kept by the Lelands extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Commissary, bought the Union Hotel property, Saratoga, and gave a banquet in 1865 to Gen. Grant's Army of the Tennessee. A few years later, with his brothers, Charles and Warren, he erected on the grounds the Grand Union at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars.

The chain of hotels kept by the Lelands extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the commissary, bought the Union Hotel property, Saratoga, and gave a banquet in 1865 to Gen. Grant's Army of the Tennessee. A few years later, with his brothers, Charles and Warren, he erected on the grounds the Grant's Army of the Tennessee. A few years later, with his brothers, Charles and Warren, he erected on the grounds the Grant's Army of the Tennessee. A few years later, with his brothers, Charles and Warren, he erected on the grounds the Grant Union at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

What She Hears and Sees.

Of milk, and straight his nat Is echoed through the country The mighty trump of Fame.

And praise is his, and photographs. He is a marked man now. But who has said a single word Of praise about the cow?

Has she received a photograph Inscribed with autograph? Was any token given her To treasure for her calf?

Yet had she not performed her part, To duty bent herself, No photograph would now adorn The farmer's mantel shelf.

Who knows her name, her pedigree?
We know of her no more
Than that she goes on giving milk
As oft she gave before.

So does the world of their due meed The meek and lowly bilk. Uppraised, unmentioned always is The cow which gives the milk.

she exclaimed, scornfully.

"Anybody can become President," I revised, laconically, "but most of the foot of your popularities."

The diver you plenty of chances," I from the Lockoe of your opportunities. "The chain of the ground at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. The chain of the foot of a throne."

It was not the hammock again.

"But suppose," she objected, looking at a three always is the choice." I revised the hammock again.
"But suppose," she objected, looking at a three always is the choice." I revised the hammock again.
"They always is the choice." I revised the marrying some nice, commonplace, "They always is the choice." I revised the marrying some nice, commonplace them arrying some nice, commonplace the marrying some nice, commonplace the service of "I've found out why our grandmother

ANY PERSON HEAR

ING OF ANY

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and flat enough to fit, and if I didn't hold and hat enough to fit, and if I didn't hold my neck reasonably stiff the pillow would snap it. When I was in Vermont I slept on a feather bed. I just plumped into it and it billowed up all around me and fitted into my peripheral irregularities, and for the first time in my life I could relax every muscle. There wasn't a relax every muscle. There wasn't joint of me that wasn't as joint of me that wasn't supported. There wasn't any crack about my shoulders, and I felt as if I didn't weigh anything at all. Whenever I thought of my home comfort, I remembered a line out of Lecksley Hall:

"Comfort? Comfort, scorned of devils! Comfort? Comfort, scorned of derils!

And, saying it over the way I did I felt as pleased as if I'd cussed my hygienic mattress at home. Maybe a feather bed isn't healthful, but it's comfortable, and personally I'd just as soon die at fifty after a lifetime of comfort as to live to be seven hundred and go to my grave calloused by a hard mattress."

The Blanks have moved out of the apartment house in our block and have bought a house somewhere in the suburbs.

who am I to own a chest at the bank? day or so afterward she asked me if I would mind keeping a little heirloom locked up for her while she went away for the summer. I thought it was a min-tature, or a diamond pin, or something of that size. Of course, I uttered the ready yes. She said she'd send it to me, and she did. I'm paying storage now on a silver water pitcher, and I hope she'll never know it's not locked up in my safety deposit box. I have room in that for 50 cents' worth of stamps and a latch key, but that's all."

An acquaintance of mine, recently come from the West to live here, has taken a house near one of the hospitals, and dur-ing the six weeks of her residence therein ing the six weeks of her residence therein she has been unable to secure a cook. There have been soveral applicants for the place, and most of them have solemnly promised to take it, but not one of them has joined the family. Last week a very superior colored woman came to see about it, and in desperation the lady of the house offered a third more wages than she had been expecting to give.

"You can sleep at home, too," she said.

"You can sleep at home, too," she said. Several winters in the South having taught her that this concession is often "If I comes I sleeps here, or I don't

"If I comes I sleeps here, or I don't come," said the applicant firmly, "Don't catch me going home after dark in this yere part of town."
"Why, isn't it a nice part of town?" asked the lady of the house in alarm.
"For white felks," said the applicant.
"It's safe for white folks, but it's too near the house it along the felks."

near the hospital for colored folks. They's night doctors now just the same as they used to be. They don't tech white folks, but if they catches me out after dark, they's certainly going to chase me, and if they catches me they's going to hang me up and put a blace. tainly ain't going to run no risks near any hospital after dark. I stays here

She's staying now, but just how long it path after dark and scares her away nobody can guess.

It's a curiously persistent belief, by the way, that fear of "night doctors," and it obtains not only among the most ignorant negroes, but among some of the fairly well informed. I have met with it in a woman who was educated at Hampton, and she gave up an excellent position with a New York family to come back to Washington because hospitals are fewer here. You can scare a colored urchin with a whisper of "night doctor" when you couldn't make him bat an eye with a loaded gun, and I haven't a doubt in the world that an ambulance and an interne or two could break up a mixed ale "rent rag" disturbance in an alley quicker than a dozen policemen. Maybe surgeons don't drive about of reletations. quicker than a dozen policemen. Maybe surgeons don't drive about of nights seeking whom they may dissect, but you'l find colored folk in every city in the coun-

try who still believe they do. Talking about dissecting people-and 'm so down in the mouth over a pongee suit I bought six weeks ago, and the weather hasn't let me wear, that dissecion seems to me a cheerful thing to talk about-I met a Western surgeon during the May convention here, and he had a

"When I was a medical student in Chicago," he said, "there was no such provision as there is now for the benefit of the medical schools. We didn't get the unclaimed pauper dead from the hospitals. We had to get-well, it's pleasanter not to say how we got our subjects. There was a cemetery in what is now Lincoln Park, then, and a good many Lincoln Park, then, and a good many people rested there temporarily, only. The gentlemen who removed them weren't always very particular as to what grave they opened, either, and, inasmuch as we couldn't learn our anatomy without something to dissect, we shut our eyes to a good many things, I recall one subject that was brought in. A chum of mine and I had some not especially pleasant detalls forced upon us, and we found about that subject's neck a little gold chain with a locket attached. Inside the locket was the picture of a child, and a name and a date were engraved on the cover. The name didn't mean anything to us, and if it had meant anything we weren't in a position to return the trinket to anybody. weren't in a position to return the trinket to anybody. Well, my chum kept the locket. That happened a long time ago. and I guess his wife doesn't know about it yet. You see, her name was on the ocket, and no man cares to tell his wife that he dissected her grandfather.

Fishhawk Gave Up Prey. the St. Augustine Record.

Aleck Canova brought a three-pound rout to the Record office this morning nd gave a very interesting description of the manner in which it was caught. His son, Frank, observed a big fishhawk swoop down on the fish near Bar Creek, about a mile and a half north of town, and noted that the fish was of very re spectable size. He watched the big bird ntil it hovered almost overhead, within close range, and he picked up a stone and with splendid accuracy hurled the missile at the hawk, striking it. The bird dropped the trout and Frank ran forward and took charge of it. The head was torn open, but the body was unin-jured except for the punctures made by the talons of the hawk.

Country Correspondence

PECKHAM'S RIDGE.

Alonzo Peckham visited the Co. seat last month and paid his taxes. Alongo usually makes a trip to the Co. seat each spring about this time for this purpose. Alongo says if it wasn't for his taxes and the intrust on his mortgage he thinks he would manage to get ahead.

Miss Abazzii Branscomb had her helf.

Pertinent Personalities

When we started the Bingville Bugle some 30 years ago we had in the neighborhood of 100 subscribers, including them who was paid and them who was not, also extra copies of the paper which we printed more than was necessary to week Brad Hinsley sunk into the go round. At the present writing our circulashion is close to 200. While the in-

crease of 100 subscribers in 30 years bottle of medicine for Mrs. Samantha might look like a big thing to some peo- Deevers, who is on the sick list, last week ple it does not look that way to us. It Doe. don't like to waste this bottle of seems that in return for the elbow medicine and will sell it cheap. Any pergrease and mental anguish which we shave expended on the Bugle in that period of time our circulashion ought to be about 250 or 300 souls all told. This circulashion stems to be a modern carried by the autoven and then forgot about it into the out-oven and then forgot about it into the out-oven and then forgot about it into the out-oven and then forgot about it. circulashion seems to be a modest esti- the out-oven and then forgot abo

to do and if they get right to work and do it we will double our circulashion from 200 to 400 subscribers in a short was gone the invited guests arrived and when Amzi come back he found a room full of his friends to greet him and congratulate him upon arriving at sich a hale and hearty old age. Amzi shook hands all around and then went down cellar and drawed a pitcher of hard cider and passed it around and after that there was mirth and revelry and joy was un-confined. After Amzi had took a couple of tin dippersful of cider he said he felt jest as spry as he ever did and calki-lated he could rassle and throw any per-son in the crowd. Jest to show how and we don't want them. We already have enough subscribers who are back on their subscriptions without addies on their subscripshions without adding his ankle and struck his head a awful

Wes Got a Wettin

Miss Abagail Branscomb had her hair shingled not long ago. Abagail has just recovered from a fever and the doctor thought it would be better to do this. She looks awful queer without any hair on her head.

Lige Peterson had a pig to die on his hands last week from what he does not know. Lige had a chance to sell the pig at a good figger the week before and now he has a awful spite at hisself be-

ing our circulashion. For some time past our circulashion has not been what it ought to be, but we have refrained from saying anything in the hope that it would improve. Being as we have not noticed any improvement, so to speak, we have decided to write a burning edpulled out his pole and the boat drifted down stream and when Wes come up stutterin and splutterin he hollered to ersby's store in the future. know where the dognashion the boat wa anyhow and Clem he said, "Here she be, and Wes started to wade tords the soun of the boat in the darkness and waded into a hole over his head and had to swim ashore wet to the skin and madder a wet hen. The way he cussed Clem was awful. Wes said it was Clem's fault that he fell in and Clem said it wasn't one word led to another until Wes called Clem a liar and Clem poled the boat ashore and they had a fist fight in the dark. Neither one could see to hit very straight, but Wes got the worse of it down to Bingville.

Local Items

circulashion seems to be a modest estimate of what we ought to have and we
have decided to bend our efforts tords
that goal as you might say—we will

the out-oven and then lorget about it
until it was burnt to a crisp. Cy says
he likes johnny-cakes powerful well, but
he can't go one that is burnt so hard
they can't go one that is burnt so hard
stuck in that bog hole in the road near
the mill last Tuesday. Bige cussed and
trying to hite it

crops good. Seth Dewberry, our brave town conthat if the chaps from the city do out running their ottymobeels through Bingville so fast he'll arrest them-if he

Colt for Sale

Joke on Ez Ezra Wilkins had a curious expe-

night. Ez come to the store to get a Lb. of nails and a Lb. of prunes and a Lb. of of nails and a Lb. of prunes and a Lb. of coffee and a Lb. of sugar and he brought a long a grain sack to carry them home in. After Hen had tied up the things for him Ez he put his grain sack on the counter and begin to put the things into it. Finerly he says, to Hen, "Hen you didn't give me but one Lb. of prunes, did you?" "That's all," says Hen. "Why?" "Cause," says Ez, "I thought I put two pounds into the sack." "No you must be mistaken," says Hen and went on playing mistaken," says Hen and went on playing checkers with Seth Winslow. Bye and bye Ez says, "Well, gosh-blame it you've From every opening floar.

The chaptest advertising medium is the country. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

We desire to say a few words to you on this auspishious occashion concerning our circulashion. For some time past our circulashion has not been what the sack and began to laugh so hard he almost choked. "What the tarnashion you laughin at?" says Ez very curious. tin the things in one end and they been comin out tother." Everybody in the store hollered and laughed. Ez was awful took back at first and then when they laughed at him he begin to get mad and started home, saying he would do his trading elsewhere than at Hen Weath-

Lem and Hisself on Outs

Lem Quigley who talks a good eal to hisself and is turrible absent minded at times was setting outside the P. O. the other morning on a store box whittling. Eph Higgins, our accommodating P. M. was inside most asleep when he heard Lem talking, so Eph goes quiet to the door to see who Lem was talking to, but there wasn't anybody present so then Eph knowed that Lem was talking to himself, so Eph he crep up a leetle closer and listened. Lem was arguing with hisand hollered "Enough!" as some as could holler. Wes then walked home and Clem got into the boat and poled back got mad at hisself and got up and jumped and to Bingville. and listened. Lem was arguing with his self about the tariff and it seems h out into the road and begin to haddenly it dawned on him that he was making a blamed fool outen hisself, so he put on his coat quick, looked all around to see if anybody seen him and started home in disgust. Then Eph hollered at him and laffed as loud as he could laff. Lem kept right on home and never looked back. If you want to make Lem want

Hen Weathersoy

We have accordingly thought up scheme as we laid awake night after night by which we hope to increase our circulashion until we have all the subscribers we can handle. The success of this scheme depends largely on the spirit with which our present subscribines are enters into it which we hope they ers enters into it which we hope they ers enters into it which we hope they are the subscribines with hot entitives the late of this spirit with which our present subscribines with the subscribines and disfigers it turrible. Mary Ann whith have not early the subscribines with hot entitives the late of this parties too late for this spirit with which our present subscribines are next spring early.

Miss Mary Ann Whittarce has a rash, which has broke out all over her face and disfigers it turrible. Mary Ann thinks she has been eating too rich food.

Hurt on His Birthday

Hen Weathersoy ...

Sam Parker, who lives near by, has, and sam parker, who lives near by, has, and sam pulled him out.

A stranger from Calamity Corners, which the Burgle office last week and subscribed for the Burgle. After he had went away we happened to think that we had forgot to ask him his name, and, as a result, we don't know who to send his paper to. Will this party kindly let us know what his name is and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot week and he will not during that time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask him his name, and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has so frice and the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask him his name is and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has so frice to ask him his name is and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask him his name is and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask him his name and and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask him his name and and at the same time kindly pay in advance, which he has forgot to ask hi Amzi Gookins was 25 years old last Tucker, our Bingville solution and his wife planned a little surprise party for him by inviting in a few friends unbeknownst to Amzi. Mrs. Gookins sent her husband down town on some errand after supper and while he was gone the invited guests arrived and when Amzi come back he found a room full of his friends to greet him and congratulate him upon arriving at sich a surprise party for him by inviting in a few friends unbeknownst to Amzi. Mrs. Gookins sent her husband down town on some errand after supper and while he was gone the invited guests arrived and when Amzi come back he found a room full of his friends to greet him and congratulate him upon arriving at sich a great latter and the supper supp law business to transact you will have to WHICH I WILL SELL AT FROM \$25 see Amé after supper in the evenings row seek, and unless it is something the corner or not. I will sell these lots by the important kindly do not bother or annoy stable who preserves order in Bingville next week, and unless it is something during the day and guards the town important kindly do not bother or annoy

Jabe Stopped His Paper

last week and asked to have his paper stopped which we done with much plea-sure being as Jabe owes us something on their subscripshions without adding o our burdens. We trust this scheme on our part will meet with your hearty approval and that the Bugle will shortly be able to boast of not only the biggest circulashion in this end of the county, but of a circulashion almost as big as any paper in the county.

Yours for the success of this scheme, EDITOR BUGLE.

In sankle and struck his head a awful crack against the corner of a chair almost breaking the corner of a chair almost breaking the corner of a chair almost breaking the chair.

The party then broke up and the involved up and the involved against the corner of a chair almost breaking the chair.

The party then broke up and the involved up and the involved against the corner of a chair almost breaking the chair.

This is a well bred colt. It was sired by Chesterfield, Jr., and damd by my brood-mare which, as everybody hereabouts of a evening enjoyable spent. As for Amzi he is now limping around on crutches and says he calkilates he ain't quite so spry as he was in his youth, but he felt like it that ev's.

EDITOR BUGLE.

Any person wishing a colt ought to see me at once as I have a first class colt for sale which I will sell for cash or swop. This is a well bred colt. It was sired by Chesterfield, Jr., and damd by my brood-mare which, as everybody hereabouts of a evening enjoyable spent. As for Amzi knows, is a good brooder. I will sell this he is now limping around on crutches and constant of the paper was because his name has not been in it lates will be a everybody hereabouts of a evening enjoyable spent. As for Amzi knows, is a good brooder. I will sell this he is now limping around on crutches and constant of the paper was because his name has not our fault. If Jabe desires to see his name in the paper like that and you wait until it grows up you will haft to pay me more. BRENT WILLIAMS.

Bingville.

Bingville.

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This is to notify the public that I have went bought me two horses and a heavy road wagon

for you if you wish me to.

It don't make any difference where

I will deliver goods from the Co. seat to you do you local halling for you. Prices on halling furnished with great cheer.

Yours for halling. PETER CROWLEY.

Offer You a Large Variety of Land at Prices Which Is Simply Ridiculous When you Stop to Con-Town lots for sale—I have bought a trackt of land at the southern end of Bingville and have laid it off in town lots.

To the Person Buying the First Lot I

Please do not forget that I am also head-quarters for insurance, notary publick, will drawed up while you wait, lawsuits conduckted, divorces procured and all other legal business attended to

Will Give a Prize of \$1 in Cash

BUSINESSLIKE MANNE?

IN A COMPETENT AND

SEE ME AT ONCE ABOUT LAND Amos Hillyer Lawyer, Legal Light, Notary Publick, J. of the P. Etc. Etc. Bingville.

rience in Hen Weathersby's store tother

Anything in the line of halling stone, bricks, merchandise., lumber, household goods, hay, grain or other eatables cheerfully done by me,

you desire what you have halled to

If you have not a team of your own give me a chance and I trust I will prove satisfack-tory both as regards price and everything else.

OWING TO THE FACT THAT beautifully grewsome story to tell.